

Lifeline

Excerpts from *Ultimate Journey* (prior to editing and publication)
by Robert A. Monroe

9 – The Hard Way

In order to line up a new route, the wonderful, logical left-brain insisted that we start with what we know. Having put the ELS (Earth Life System) and its blandishments in the relative position where it truly belongs, the next step was to stay within the area of knowns and move outward (or inward?).

One of the knowns emerging through repeated examination was that moving into out-of-body no longer had for me what could be called “movement.” This had been reported many times by experienced subjects in the laboratory, but was not a part of my personal pattern until I began the “quick-switch” (QS) method. Thereafter, it became a fading out of this consciousness state into another. Going “out-of-phase” seemed much more accurate, and satisfied better my left-brain classification system.

Still, it seems that whenever things were going to smoothly, a major change was gathering energy. The forewarning was usually so obscure that only in retrospect could it be verified.

The problem with some people is that they can't leave well enough alone. In my personal run, the years of out of body activity had brought me to a calm state of satisfaction. A cycle had been completed or so it seemed. My own Different Overview (D/O) was well in place and eminently rewarding. Or should have been.

I knew where I came from, how I got here and became a human, why I hung around, my final departure schedule, and where I will go when I leave. What else could have any importance? Anything else is mere detail.

What shook me out of my complacency was a series of disrupting signals that began to occur more and more when I phased out of my body during any sleep state. These signals became so strong that they could not be ignored. The direction change that was coming has been there long before. The blow that got my attention was the discovery before. The blow that got my attention was the discovery that various physiological and mental

states were beginning to reflect in my physical waking consciousness as a result of such signals.

In all of my out-of-body adventures, there had been no such after-effects. There had been excitement and exhilaration, or sadness and joy – and these would be expressed in my placid and relaxed physical body upon return. But not stomach nausea, aching arms and legs, rapid heartbeat, entire nervous system pulled tight. The effect often would last as long as fifteen or twenty minutes after returning.

Thus it wasn't curiosity but necessity that again pushed me to find answers – the same motivation that led me to explore the out-of-body experience. But, this time, there was difference. I was not overloaded with fear and I had tools and friends to work with. And I had at least the beginnings of a map of the territory.

What a difference three decades make!
I put man (me) on it the first thing in the morning.

In the new development, my Left Brain insisted that the physically distracting new signals were caused by some important detail I had missed. If it meant going back to the beginning to pick up, now that I understood better, this seemed the most constructive of two options. The second was to lie around in the beautiful cloud of love and keep on wondering; what if...

Having made my choice, I began the out-of-phase OB at about three the following morning. Next came the quick-switch method to the earliest point in my conscious memory.

At once I felt a signal vibrating within me. I followed it and came upon a scene I remembered very well. I was standing and looking down at an ancient battle-taking place below me. There was someone beside me, someone like a brother who was quite nervous, and I was pointing at a figure of a man lying face down in the middle of the dusty road, young kid, no more than eighteen.

The battle was going on all around him, short swords, spears, round shields. The shouts, moans and screams, clanging of metal against metal, the dust, blood, spurting, everything was confusion, some fifty or sixty men in brown short togas with wide leather belts around their waists were fighting an equal number of

short, dark bearded men who seemed to have incredible strength. Slowly, the wide belts were losing.

The eighteen year old, who wore a wide belt, was struggling to pull himself up. The problem was the spear holding him down. The spear had penetrated his back, gone all the way through his body and deep into the dirt of the road. His efforts became slower and slower, until there was no motion.

I remembered that years before I had felt the pain of the spear in my back, but this time it was different. I turned to the youngster beside me and he was in obvious pain. I asked him if he understood. He nodded, then turned and moved away, and disappeared. There was nothing left to do but go in and try to help.

I bent over the youngster and yelled for him to get up. I saw his head lift out of his body, not his physical head, and I reached over, grabbed it and pulled. He slid out easily.

I told him to stand up. He did, and looked around at the fighting, then saw a sword lying at his feet. He reached down and tried to pick it up, but his hand went through it. Puzzled, he tried again.

I told him to take it easy. He looked at me angrily. "I must get back into it! My friends are dying!" I told him that was impossible as he himself was dead. "What are you saying? I'm strong and I can think!"

I pointed behind him where his physical body lay in the dust in a congealing pool of blood. He turned and stared at it, dumbfounded. He bent over and peered at the dead face intently. Finally, he looked up at me. "But I'm alive. I'm not dead!"

I asked him exactly what had happened. He answered vaguely, his interest still focused on the raging battle.

"We were marching quickly along the road, looking for the enemy, eager to join battle. There was some shouting then something hit me in the back. I was down in the dust and I couldn't get up, something was holding me down."

I asked him what happened next.

"I gave up trying because I was so weak. I heard you calling, and there was a click, and I stood up."

I pointed to his body in the dust, which he gave a glance and then turned to me.

"But I'm not dead! How can I stand up and talk to you if I'm dead?"

I suggested he try and rejoin the battle but that was a mistake. He rushed away into the thick of the swords and spears. When a sword swing he couldn't dodge went through him without harm, he watched in fascination.

Almost immediately thereafter, a short bearded man attacked him from behind and the two fell to the ground punching and gouging one another. It took me a moment to realize that the other bearded man had also dropped his physical attachment in the battle. They

might still be rolling on the ground centuries later, trying to kill each other!

I went over to the two of them and yelled that they were wasting their energy, they were both dead physically, and there was no way they could hurt each other. I repeated this until they finally got the message, rolled apart and looked at me. The bearded man got on his knees, bent forward and touched his head to the ground, moaning an unintelligible chant. The youngster looked at him bewildered, then at me.

"He thinks you're a god. Are you?"

I said no, just a friend.

He felt the place where the spear had penetrated his body.

"There's no hole, no blood. Are you sure you're not some god?"

I laughed, shook my head, and told him I had to be going. Around us, the battle was slowing down. More forms were moving out of destroyed and dismembered bodies. Soon, it was going to be crowded with ex-humans, all with bewildered looks on their faces. The youngster touched my hand.

"Can I go with you?"

I hesitated, but a deep inner surge immediately gave me the answer. I grasped his hand and started to move upward. He looked uncertain.

"Hey, I'm not a bird. I can't fly."

I gently pulled on his hand and slowly we rose over the battlefield. It took but a moment for his anxiety to drop away, and we both yelled in joy as we accelerated up and out. I mentally hit the return code on the quick-switch system.

There was a flare of light, and we were motionless in the lighter gray of the intermediate rings, and I felt the kid's hand in mine. The question was, where do I drop him off. Just as I was about to ask him, the pressure of his hand was gone. I whirled around. Nothing. Nobody. What's going on?

This event was similar to a previous happening, an OBE (Out of Body Experience) many years ago, with some basic differences. I was about to return to the physical and think it over when another signal came in strongly. This time, I understood the signal more clearly. It was much like hearing someone call for help. Or a telephone ringing and you know it's your phone. It was easy to home in on it.

There was a hole in the side of a small building below me, and some wide steps leading down inside. I walked down the steps carefully because the signal was coming from inside. There was a man lying on a cot thrashing around wildly. Hanging on to his back were two children about four or five years old, calmly riding out the bucking and pitching. The man was sobbing in fear and desperately trying to pull the two little ones off his shoulders.

I reached over and gently pulled the two little ones away from him. The man lay back on the cot whimpering in relief. I looked down at the children lying quietly, one cradled in each of my arms. They were not children but cats – pets I remembered well. I put my two friends on the roof, walked backup the stairs, then pulled the quick-switch phasing just slightly.

I was getting good at it, this new method, because I came out exactly where I expected.

I returned to the physical, feeling that this would have to be thought over logically. I remembered easily the two experiences I had revisited, but the perspective was different. What was the change common to both?

Logic had an answer, but I still didn't accept it. In the first incident many years ago, I was taken by someone and shown the primitive battle to explain a pain in the side of my physical body at the time. I knew then I was the young warrior impaled in the dust by the spear. Upon learning this, I had returned back to the physical in relief and understanding.

This time, I was the one who was doing the showing. I was the one who took the then worried me to the old battle scene hundreds or even thousands of years ago to explain the pain. "I" was the one who as helping "me", back then. Also I was the young warrior dying in the dust. That meant there were three versions of me at the same place at the same time.

Strange stuff.

In the second event from years back. I had been the one screaming for help, trying to dislodge the little demons who wanted to ride me like a horse, who seemed to own me. And then a serious-looking man came down the stairs and took them off me, held them in his arms and suddenly disappeared.

This time, I was the one who came down the stairs and helped by taking the little children away. I had come to help when I screamed for it.

A little less complicated. Only tow of me present!

Were all of such current non-physical events simply calls or screams for help from others "I's" in different times and places? Who was this "I" that had the audacity to answer such calls? Have "I" been helping "me" through all these years?

The apparent duality and inter-changeability of self had yet to fit a pattern I could accept or understand. Nor did it answer the uncontrolled events that were so disturbing to my physical life. Were they all cries for help? The prospect was overwhelming.

"I" from the future had been going back in time to help the "I" of the past when needed. The signals for help were coming from earlier versions of me, not only in this life but in the previous ones.

Also, what happened to the two little beings I "rescued" from myself? And the young warrior "I" that

had followed me out of the battlefield? Why did he disappear?

Somewhere in the maze was the answer, begin with the knowns and the whole things would fit somewhere along the way. The trick would be to move into that area in the There that was familiar and look around.

For several weeks, I managed to keep it under control. Then decisively, during the start of a sleep cycle, I rolled out, moving less out of phase, and was careful about it. I ended up exactly where I expected if I really need to pick up the pieces – right in the gray area just beyond the entry point from time-space.

Immediately I got a signal. I was attracted to a house in the suburbs of a large city. The house seemed somewhat familiar, wide and spacious, but empty of furnishings.

I slipped inside through the front wall, and in the foyer I immediately encountered a woman about fifty, gray haired, small and thin. She was wandering through the house from room to room, and when I put out my hand to intercept her, she seemed surprised I was there, and paying attention to her.

"Are you here to hang the pictures again?"

I said I was not, that I was interested in her.

"They took all the pictures down, out of the house. My house! Now, no one even speaks to me."

I asked her why she stayed here, hwy she didn't leave.

"This is my house, this is where I belong. I don't care if no one even notices me any more."

I asked her if she didn't feel anything different.

"Just that nobody will do what I ask them to do. They ignore me as if I wasn't here."

I asked her if she remembered dying.

"Dying! Of course not. I was sick but I got well. One minute I was sick and the next thing I knew, I was up and walking around."

I commented on the fact that no one saw her, that she was all alone. She tossed her head.

"No one ever sees me, they never did pay much attention to me when William was around. Now that he's gone, they ignore me completely."

I told her I bet she couldn't pick up anything, that her hand would go right through the chair.

"That's ridiculous! I can pick up a chair if I want to."

I suggested she try. It was a small dining room chair.

"I'll show you I can!"

She tried several times and her hands went through the chair back. Finally, she looked at me confused.

"I ... I don't know what's the matter. I just thought it was some hallucination you get with age. But you're seeing it too."

I showed her my hand went through the chair back just as hers had done. She looked astonished.

“You have the same problem!”

I explained that people have the problem when their physical body dies.

“But I’m alive!”

I stated of course she was, it is the body that dies, not you.

She was quiet for a time, but she didn’t seem to be in shock. Then she looked at me anxiously.

“I was waiting for William to come back, but he hasn’t. And I love my house so much. He built it just for me. I don’t want to leave my house. I love it so.”

I suggested we go look for William.

“Oh no, we can’t do that. He passed away five years ago.”

I repeated the suggestion, adding that we ought to try. She looked at me steadily.

“I really am dead?”

I nodded.

“And you’re an angel. You don’t look like one. You’re real normal.”

I assured her I was just a friend. She shrank back.

“I’ve never met you before in my life, you’re not a friend. You must be one of satan’s devils.”

I didn’t try to convince her, I said I was sorry to have bothered her and started to leave.

“Wait! Oh please wait!”

I turned and stood quietly. She looked at me speculatively.

“If you really were a devil’s helper, I couldn’t possibly chase you away, now could I.”

I told her I didn’t know because I had never met one.

“It’s been so lonely. Can we really find William?”

I said we could try. I reached for her hand and started to lift out toward the ceiling.

“I can’t do that, I don’t know how! Your hand is real, I feel it, but I can’t just float up in the air!”

I pulled at her hand gently, and she began to rise easily. An excitement glowed in her.

“Oh! Oh! What fun! Is this being dead? My my! Let’s go find William! Won’t he be surprised!”

We cruised more and more out of phase, slowly, and I remembered the previous point where the same event had taken place years before. It was in a rented house in Westchester County, New York, where I lived temporarily, and “she” was still hanging around the house months after her physical death. At the time, I had gently backed away from the contact. Now I knew better.

I kept us moving slowly outward because I figured somewhere along the way, William would be attracted to the bait and take over for me. But she held

on firmly, making excited comments as we passed through the inner rings of the Belief System Territories. As we did so, I had become impressed. William had more smarts than I had estimated based upon her perceived radiation of him. He should have been here, now the only place he could be would be in the outer phases. He had kept his progress well hidden from his wife, that was certain.

I was just about to turn and ask he more about William when I no longer felt her hand in mine. I instantly turned, but she was gone. Completely disappeared, no sign at all of her radiation the only answer I could come up with was that William was very good indeed if he was this far out in the rings. I phased back into the physical to think if over.

A few weeks later, I tried again. It was getting so smooth; it was hard to define when I actually left the body. It was more the fading out of one state of being and into another, similar to falling asleep and staying conscious in the process. I was till hesitant to use the QS (Quick Switch) system for “short hops.” It would be like taking a Concorde to fly from Newark airport to Kennedy.

But there in the deeper gray area, another signal was waiting. It seemed too easy, or perhaps I was reading it wrong. I was just about to home in on the signal when somebody called. I turned and I saw an odd kind of glow. It was a man, small, sharp-featured, somewhere in the middle age, with a squinty frown and curled lips.

“Hey you, where you going?”

I approached him cautiously.

“Where you going?”

Hello.

“Out looking for the secrets of the universe, is that it?”

I guess that’s what I am doing.

“Good luck. I’m having a hard enough time without going looking for more.”

What the matter?

“What’s the matter? I went and died, that’s what’s the matter!”

What’s wrong with that?

“Nothing wrong, except I sure wasn’t ready for it.”

Maybe we never are.

“Well, I could have been, but nobody told me, nobody told me it was going to be like this, nobody told me! Those bastards yelling and screaming about gates of heaven, hell fire and damnation, they didn’t know what they were talking about! Anyways, I wish you luck because they could have told me like it is instead of a bunch of hogwash!”

What’s the problem?

“The problem! Look around you, that’s the problem.”

Nothing there I can see. Usual deep blackness.
 “That’s what I mean! Nothing, absolutely nothing! Hey, you know you’re the first person I’ve met? Nothing but nothing and then you come along.”
 Sorry you’re so disappointed.
 “You’re like me, hunh?”
 What do you mean?
 “ You died, you just died, and you don’t know what the hell to do.”
 It isn’t quite like that.
 “Come on, come on. You’re dead or you’re not.”
 I’m pretty sure I’m not.
 “You’re not dead?”
 Nope.
 “Then what the hell you doing here?”
 That’s a long story.
 “I bet it is. You wouldn’t be here if you weren’t dead.”
 It’s a little more complicated than that.
 “Tell me about it! Hey, I know. Somebody sent you.”
 I was just passing by, how did you, uh, happen to die.
 “They made me do it, that’s how. Lying around in a hospital for weeks and weeks. I wanted to go home, but no, they kept me there with all the tubes and needles stuck in me. So one night I just yanked them all out. On the night shift, nobody ever came around to see me on the night shift, nobody. You know?”
 Then what happened?
 “Why I started coughing and then I stopped. I thought well I better get the hell out of bed and get going. I must have jumped too hard cause I went right through the ceiling and kept on going till I found myself here. When I went through the ceiling, that’s when I knew I’d gone and died. Pretty smart, hunh?”
 You got it. Maybe you ought to come along with me.
 “You would help me? You? Why!”
 Ought to be better then staying here forever.
 “I’m so damned mixed up. No heaven. No hell. Nothing.”
 Here take my hand.
 “No you don’t! Every time somebody tried to help me, it just meant trouble. You get out of here!”
 I’m not forcing you, I was just trying to be helpful.
 “You keep your hands off me! You keep away!”
 All right, I’ll leave
 “Go on, get out of here! And you get somebody to tell you straight. Don’t you get taken in with the fancy talk... Nobody told me and they could have, I would have listened, but not now, I got to find out for myself and I sure as hell don’t know how to do that... Don’t even know where to start...”

I backed away and the strange glow faded, and when I returned later it was gone. I have always wondered how he did get help. Enough was enough sometimes.

Thus I discovered another facet. Not all of the calls for help came from an earlier me. William’s wife was not a part of me, nor was the angry little man as far as I could determine.

Conclusion: helping others goes with the job. While you’re helping yourself, you automatically lend a hand to others you can do so. But I was missing something Why did this suddenly pop up in my activity pattern?

Much was missing from my D/O!

10 – Detached Retinue

At this point, it seemed a never-ending task to answer signals for help each time I went OB – and certainly an inefficient way to do whatever was needed. I could spend the rest of my available physical period doing just that and still make no major dent in the mass of such signals.

The question was: why had I suddenly become exposed to these signals after these many years? And why were they causing distress in my physical body?

Evidently most if not all of these signals were originating in areas off the Interstate immediately adjoining the termination of physical existence, or death as we humans know it. I knew something of these areas but further exploration was needed.

Therefore, the decision made, I began the following morning at about 3 by taking a methodical slow-motion approach. Rested and relaxed, I started the phasing out of the physical and into the blackness of the OB state, left brain mode in full alert. I was now at the beginning of the Interstate, or better put, my entry ramp into it.

I was about to “bridge” over the close-in areas with their obvious exit ramps, as was my custom, when one of the strange signals pulled at me hard. Reluctantly, I followed it. It flashed me to a large city, then to an apartment building and tightening in to a bedroom in one of the mid-rise apartments. There was a large and fancy king-sized bed with three naked people in it, two men and one woman.

One of the men was having very active sex with the woman, while the third was attempting to get in between them with little success. Each time he tried, he fell through to the floor beneath the bed. I knew he was the one who caused the signal, and wondered why he didn’t keep falling right through the floor.

I caught his attention on his next cycle from under the bed to the top of the copulating couple. He

stared at me in surprise, his glistening erect penis waving up and down as his body shook in excitement.

“Who the hell are you?”

I told him it wouldn't work, so he might as well come with me.

“What do you mean, it won't work? I've been waiting ten years to get this piece of ass, and now I'm going to get it.”

I indicated it was no use, things were different with him now.

“You better believe they're different! I'm free now, I don't know what happened but I'm free. And as soon as I found out, this is where I came. Now if she would just stop having it with Sammy, I could get it on with her.”

I asked him what made things different.

“Oh, that, I had just come up out of the subway at 53rd and Madison, and suddenly I felt a pain in my chest and then fell down. I wasn't down on the sidewalk long, just a minute maybe, and I got up. Man, did I feel different. Hey, what business is it of yours, anyway!”

I told what really happened.

“I'm dead? The hell you say. Do I act like I'm dead?”

I cited case in point, his falling through the bed, unable to touch either the man or woman. He looked at his hands, then down at his replicated body.

“But I'm still me. I still fell like me. I guess I still act like me.”

He laughed and I joined in with him. I commented that we don't change that much when we die, at least not right away. He looked at the man and the woman on the bed, who now had relaxed and were lying back apparently contented, then at his own deflated penis.

“Buster here won't like being dead.”

I told him there are compensations and be brightened.

“Must have had a heart attack, that it? But I never had trouble with my heart.”

I was about to reply when I noticed the woman in the bed. Her eyes were open and she was staring straight at me. She was actually seeing me. Her eyes were wide with astonishment, but she didn't seem afraid. She was looking straight into my eyes and there was knowledge in them. I turned to the man standing beside me and said I had to leave. He was shocked.

“What do you mean leave?” What about me? What do I do?”

I suggested he come along if he wished. He laughed.

“You can't get rid of me! No action here, should have known that myself. Besides, I want to find out about those compensations.”

We laughed some more, and I took his hand and started to lift out, and he followed easily. Just as we went through the ceiling. I looked back at the girl in the

bed. She was still watching our eyes met. I knew I wouldn't have to come after her. She already knew.

A few moments later, we went slightly out of phase, and I felt the man tugging at my hand.

“Let go of me, will you let go!”

I looked below and there was the Pile. The huge mass of ex-physical humans, writhing and squirming in an endless attempt to have sex with one another. The man's heavy radiation had diverted our path.

At the point, he wrenched his hand loose from mine and dove into the mass.

I should have known about the diversion. Win a fee, lose a few. I left, thinking, I'll get him out of there tomorrow. If I can. Before I could return to my body, there was another signal. Rather than have it tug at me when I got back in the body, I turned and followed.

This one was easy to identify – a hospital room complete with life support systems and electronic gauges.

There was a small figure, a woman, in the bed with all the gadgetry attached to her.

She was folded up in a near fetus position, hair stringy and gray, face wrinkled, looking very old. Even at a distance, I could perceive her moaning and gasping. Yet the sheet was over her head. I moved close to her. I asked her what was the matter. She didn't bother to look up.

I queried as to why.

“I'm dying, that's why. I've been dying for years but nobody would believe me!”

I told her I believed her.

“That's all you doctors say, but you don't mean it.”

I said I'm not a doctor, but I believed her.

“If you're not a doctor, it doesn't count. It's the doctor who has to believe me.”

I asked why that was so important.

“So they'll let me die, then I won't have any more pain.” I suggested it doesn't take a doctor. Did she really want to die?

“Of course I do! Why else would I be going through all this pain!”

I told her wish no more. It was all over. She was now dead. For the first time, she turned her head and looked up at me.

“No, I'm not! I still hurt!”

The pain itself will be fading away very quickly, I said gently. All she need do was move away from her body. She stared at me.

“But I'm still alive! I'm just the same!”

I said being physically dead doesn't change you much. You just don't have a physical body anymore, and you're only remembering the pain now, but you don't have the pain itself. Look around, I told her, see for

yourself. She did look around very slowly, then back to me.

It's all black, just deep black."

Except for me, I reminded her. She opened her eyes wider and her body began to straighten out slowly.

"Ernie, is that you? Ernie?"

I reached for her hand, and suggested that we go where our friends were waiting. She held back.

"Why didn't you come before this? I've been calling for you night and day to come get me."

I said she had to die first, and now it's all right because she finally did die. I held out my hand again and she took it firmly and joyfully.

"Ernie, Ernie!"

We started to move up and out slowly and I asked her about the pain. She looked puzzled.

"The pain? Oh, yes, the pain. It isn't important now, is it."

I told her no, and we went more out of phase and out of the black into the light. I didn't use the Quick Switch system as we moved further out of phase and into the area of the Belief System Territories because I wanted to see what was happening. Keep it slow.

I was trying to determine exactly where we were, which then was somewhere above the mid-point, when I couldn't feel he hand in mine. I refocused as fast as I could but it was too late. She was gone. Picking up pieces and dropping them along the way was not how it was supposed to be. Certainly not productive.

Oh well, try again. The problem was, I didn't know precisely what I was looking for but I kept at it. Several days later, I made an afternoon run. I lay down on the cot, relaxed and phased out slightly, and sure enough, there was another signal – a frantic one. I focused on it and used my quick-switch method.

There was a flash and I was over an alley in a small town. I looked for the reason and there it was just below me. He was hiding behind a cluster of trashcans in the alley. Nearby on the street, a pair of police cars, red and blue lights flashing, had angled up to the curb. On the sidewalk in front of a store entrance lay a crumpled form in a pool of blood. A crowd of morbid spectators was gathering, held back by a yellow band of plastic.

I went directly to the trashcans. The skinny boy crouched behind them couldn't have been more than seventeen, and he would never get any older. Not this time. I asked him to stand up. He did, slowly, uncertain, alert, ready, to run if he got the chance.

"How you know I was here, man!"

I told him I wanted to help him.

"I don't need no help, not from no cop."

I asked him if he didn't any help, why was he hiding.

"What do you mean, why? That shithead in the store had a gun and started shootin'."

I suggested that he didn't need to worry about that any more. He looked at me warily.

"Gonna take me in, hunh?"

Not exactly, I said to him. I said he didn't have to pull any more heists and nobody was ever going to shoot him again, and he didn't have to worry about going to jail. He stared at me.

"You're crazy, man!"

I told him the bullet had caught a corner of this heart which let him live just long enough to stagger outside the store and fall dead on the sidewalk. His face went through a sequential mixture of emotions.

"What kind of shit is that! If I'm dead, what am I doin standin here and talking with you!"

I waived at the street behind me and suggested he take a look for himself. Still keeping his eye on me, he sidled to the corner of the alley and glanced down the street. When he did, he forgot me completely, fixed on what he saw.

Finally, he turned and slowly slumped down to a sitting position, he buried his face in his knees.

I could feel his sobbing, carefully went over to him and looked down. Then I reached out and gently touched his shoulder. I said it was time to go. He looked up at me.

"They still got cops after you're dead?"

I laughed and said no. But there were better placed to be than hanging around in a back alley. He looked at this hands.

"I remembered putting out my hands to break a fall when I hit the concrete. And before that, I remember letting go of my piece when the cashier shot at me from behind the counter, so I couldn't shook back. It was like somebody hittin me with a tire iron in my chest. Then I got out the door and I remember hittin the sidewalk. It was like a big click in my head and I got up and ran in the alley. But who are you, man?"

I told him his Uncle Ben sent me. He laughed.

"Ben the boozer? Come on, come on, he didn't even know I was around. He died when I was a kid. I know! It's all a new shtick you cops put up to get me to roll over. You come on, take me in and stop all this shit about bein dead."

If he wanted proof, I suggested we get a close look at the body on the sidewalk. He resisted, so I told him to hide behind me and nobody would see him. I turned and walked out into the street and literally walked through the crowd. I knew he was right behind me.

We got there just as the ambulance was arriving. WE stood directly over the body, blood all over the place, and watched as they rolled the body over, checked for vital signs, and put it on a gurney. Then they threw a cloth over the face but not before the kid beside me got a good look. Anyways, I knew he could still see the face, cloth or no cloth.

As they rolled it into the ambulance and closed the door, the kid started sobbing again. I carefully took his hand and started to lead him up and over the street. He didn't resist, simply cried uncontrollably as we moved more out of the phase. This time as we approached the middle rings and upper rings, I kept him under constant observation. Whatever was happening, I thought I would be ready for it.

I wasn't. At a given point, the kid disappeared. One moment he was there, and then he was gone. Not even a wisp of radiation remained. Wherever I searched, nothing.

Whatever I was doing, it wasn't coming out as I expected. I was getting some action, but it was incomplete. I returned slowly back in phase with the physical, looking for answers.

There was one clue. That night, there were fewer penetrating signals. My sleep periods were less hectic. Cause & Effect? Perhaps I was taking the correct path, but my LB (Left Brain) was screaming for more data. I certainly wasn't cut out to save souls. I kept losing them!

Several weeks later, another change surfaced. After lying down for several minutes and relaxing easily, I immediately was hit by a strong help signal (on my frequency?) even before I was OB (Out of Body). My physical body responded with a strong sense of hotness, and I quickly rolled out and followed the signal.

Somewhere over the Belief System Territories, the signal led off and exit ramp I could just barely perceive.

It didn't take long to find the source. The Belief System radiation gave me a picture of a steep rocky cliff with a heavy humid jungle just below. A small but mature female stood at the edge of the cliff. Behind her were some fifty or sixty assorted males and females of all ages. They all looked humanoid, partially dressed in animals skins, with the heavy Neanderthal – like head and facial structures.

My LB immediately demanded why I was buying into this particular Belief System. No answer except the obvious. At some time it was part of me.

As I positioned myself on the ledge beside the female, the group behind her shrank back and covered their eyes. I turned to the female and she was staring at me with a calm appraisal. Could we communicate? At my thoughts, she actually smiled.

(You came.)

And so I did, but why did you call me?

(I called a picture.)

Why did you do that?

(Are you Megus? No you are not.)

You called for Megus. Why?

(Because Megus does not know something is wrong here.)

Where are you, where is here.

(Here, In the Sky Land of Megus.)

Do you know how you got here?

(Oh yes. I came out of my mouth with the bubbles when my body sank to the bottom of the great water.)

Why were you in the great water.

(It is the rule for a female when she does not make child.)

Then you came here.

(Yes, but there is something wrong.)

With you or all the others.

(With me. When we jumped off this hill into the valley, we must fall into the rocks below and die again and again. That is the rule of Megus.)

Who is Megus

(Megus is Sky God. He came to us many suns past and told us of his Sky Land. This is what he promised, but something is wrong.)

Just what is wrong?

(When I jump off the hill, I don't fall and I don't die. The others do, but I don't. I just float.)

I lifted up slowly until I was just above her head...Like this?

(Yes, yes! You are Megus, you are! Help me keep your rule, help me fall so I can die and live again!)

I reached out with my hand... I am not Megus but I can help. It can be good to float. A new rule. Come try it. She grasped my hand with both of hers and we lifted slowly up and out. Then structure of the Belief System began to fade rapidly as we approached the Interstate. It was gone completely when we went up the entry ramp.

I moved us more out of phase as the change was indicated, observing, and reassuring my Neanderthal friend (?). She was calm, relaxed but expectant. I was pondering why I seemed to be compulsive in my rescue pattern when the expected unexpected happened again. She literally dissolved, faded into nothing as I watched.

This time, I accepted the phenomenon, but wondered why I had received her signal among all the others. Alone, I moved slowly past other exit ramps that were dimly familiar. I knew that at some point in distant time, I had visited and turned off each of these ramps and was a part of each of the Belief Systems they led to. There seemed no reason to go through again what I had experienced previously and presumably outgrown. I simply phased back into the physical.

Having found truly the source of signals, I got them under control. No more aches and pains from OB activities. The signals were still coming in, but I could turn them off if and when I desired.

Some you do, some you don't want to. But you selectively do both. Evidently, as they say, it goes with the territory. Why? Indefinable reasons.

It does produce some curiosity as to what comes next.....

.....